

G.O.D


GENERATIONS OF DISCONTENT

#1-Queerdo zine confronts
this shitty reality. hehe

RECLAIM YOUR FUTURE.

ON: Protester
Greene attached to
heavy machinery in the
Jabiluka compound





Greetings! This document was put together in the week surrounding the 98 Federal election/election/farce. What is contained in here is perhaps a reflection of a potent mix of anger and a touch of love (?) for the world. A heady mix, but one that suits the times.

All stuff in this zine does not exist, steal, reproduce anything.

Related independant output: **Coughing Up Legomen Fanzine. #6,,** will be a split with the Burning Times of Melbourne, out midsummer98/99

#5 of CUL is \$3ppd, 62A4 chunky political queer-ish rantsnravesstories, you'd like it...

Enclosed in this is a letter regarding an Queeryouth writing collaboration, so enjoy, thanX,

x@x

Chris

CONTACT: PO BOX 530 West Ryde 1685 NSW Aust.

Thank ye': Ali for the quote, Chris-sub, POD people, Lachlan, and Tim Fisher for being a regressive hick. Bring on the Madness!!!

Yeah thats right kids, the future still really belongs to you. Uranium mining? A sane and economically viable option? Native Title? Why the sheep farmers were there first... Common Youth Allowance - Where did such a growing boy learn a big term like that? Have a Liberal conservative lollypop. It'll kill ya fucking unwashed scum...hehehehe

"that's what media does, it gets you over something before it happens" - Ali





EVERYONE I
DATED WAS GAY.

After we made love he took a
piece of chalk and made an outline
of my body

Ravenshoe pig farmer John Potter was carried away
with Ms Hanson

Unfortunately our Newtown
franchise just isn't making
enough money...

I still say
we should've tried a
"McGrungeburger"



In King Street, Newtown, the
unthinkable has happened - a
McDonald's has closed.



VANESSA MCQUARRIE

I'm not saying that Mardi Gras hasn't done a hell of a lot for the cause. I am saying that I don't believe the rhetoric the organisation uses to justify its existence, I don't believe the parade makes a strong statement. I don't believe the festival is fabulous, just because it is big. I don't believe an exclusive party achieves anything other than fund raising. I don't believe the line about information not being made available to members because it is "commercially sensitive".

I don't believe Mardi Gras can change the look I know will appear on my mother's face when I come out to her (no matter how much she loves Julian Clary and Bob Downe).

I don't believe Mardi Gras will stop my aunt from saying "I hope he rots in hell" when she speaks of her friend's husband, a closeted gay man who died of AIDS.

I don't believe Mardi Gras will prevent a kid in the bush from suiciding, or make a group of young thugs think twice before bashing a queer.

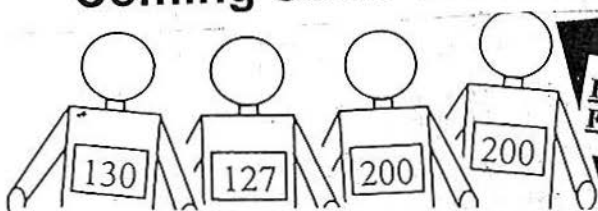
But it could at least try.

There is something inherently wrong when Mardi Gras views sexuality not as a political or social or even individual statement, but only as an economic one. ■



Capsicum Spray

Coming Soon To A Picket Line Near You



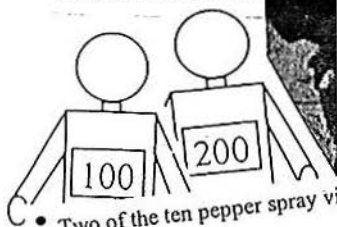
Pepper Spray info from The Earth First! Webpage and a recent flyer.

Pepper Spray Facts [http://www.envirolink.org/orgs/hea...ay/support.html#PepperSpray Fac](http://www.envirolink.org/orgs/hea...ay/support.html#PepperSprayFac)

OC (Oleoresin Capsicum), the active ingredient in "pepper spray," is a naturally occurring inflammatory agent found in cayenne peppers. Effects of OC include instant burning pain in the

area of application, swelling, as well as temporary blindness when sprayed into the eyes. When OC comes in contact with the respiratory tract, membranes swell, restricting breathing to short shallow breaths.

- Since approval for use since 1992, there have been over 70 in custody deaths related to OC/pepper spray. 37 of these were in California.
- The safety of OC sprays has yet to be proven scientifically.
- People with asthma, epilepsy, taking prescription medicine, lung conditions, heart conditions, youth, various physical disabilities, under the influence of drugs, and pregnant women should never come into contact with OC spray. "OC sprays cause upper respiratory inflammation; therefore, they may have detrimental effects on people with preexisting respiratory problems." (National Institute of Justice, Technology Assessment Program, 3/94)
- Since September 25th, 1997 Humboldt County Sheriffs have used OC/pepper spray 10 times against nonviolent activists acting completely passive and in no way endangering the lives of the officers on the scene.



- Two of the ten pepper spray victims were minors.
- The effectiveness of pepper spray as a weapon to help officers in the arrest process is generally 80-85%. The success rate in forcing nonviolent activists in Humboldt county to unlock from lock boxes during an action has been 40%. The "target populations" for pepper spray include "subjects who are highly aggressive, agitated, intoxicated or suffering from mental illness." (National Institute of Justice, Technology Assessment Program, 3/94)
- Humboldt pepper spray victims have all been "locked down" when the chemical was applied, meaning that their arms were locked into metal pipes and they were incapable of striking out or of defending their eyes.
- The use of OC against nonviolent protesters violates local, state, federal and international laws regarding the use of force and cruel and unusual punishment.
- The reasons given by Humboldt Sheriffs using OC spray vary from 1) Expediency in achieving arrest, 2) Safer for the officers than cutting activists out of the pipes, 3) OC spray is considered a pain compliance technique, 4) Officers did not want to make mess in office by cutting activists from the metal pipes (Pacific Lumber HQ, Scotia).





Boycore.

My bare feet absorbed the fuzzy texture of the carpet as well as the invasive draft of cold air as I slowly stood and observed the morning scene. Josh lay asleep on his back, a bare, beckoning nipple seemingly winking at me from just above the doona line. His eyes were closed but as I made a beeline for the coffee plunger in the kitchen to erase some hangover mind-cobwebs, I was sure he'd opened his eyes as I left the room. I padded along the bare hallway that screamed, aptly of student living, and happily found a final cigarette in my t shirt pocket.

I've always thought that the kitchen or hallway is by far the best place for that morning after cigarette. Smoking in bed is just a cementation of a cliché that you can draw from all the stuff that happened in bed the night before, and besides, I needed coffee.

Standing in the middle of the kitchen floor, I was snapped out of my own world by the snap of the kettle and cold lino against my toes. Ahh vaugeness... Returning to the bedroom with coffeepot, I deposited said post coital treasures on my milkcrate bedside table and crawled under my doona for human warmth losing my tshirt in the process. Within my mind I could easily justify a whole day of ganga in bed, skin on skin and the rich scent of coffee giving my room the feel of completion.

Arms encircled me, feeling almost better than they had the night before in near darkness, now I could feel them. And as I could feel them I could sense, then see with a turn of my head, Josh's green eyes latch onto mine. We kissed, a long slow unhurried pash that lent more to savouring taste than it borrowed from a mere good morning kiss.

I felt happily laid bare and cocooned as I sunk into the contours of his body. Without being aware of his movement or even awakening, I heard the button on my ancient tape deck being depressed, then the liquid sound of hot coffee being poured. His hand slid back under the blanket and brushed over mine, ending up on my hip.

The first fronds of the music of Apollo drifted over our heads. I imagined the music mingling with the smell of coffee and slowly drifting in a spiral shape over our heads, tangible, in my mind at least given the bare walls and roof and the awakensness energy that was, by now reciprocated between us.

Josh was the first to speak, our heads nestled together. "Good morning" he said, in a slightly coy tone of voice. That same voice and his rich green eyes had drawn me to him the night before. We were next to the cigarette machine and my hash cookie had just kicked in, aided by two drinks. At the time I was enjoying having something bolted to the ground to lean on, as well as the sensations that the spark in his eyes was giving my brain. He seemed to have this sliver of live energy within his eyes, his voice, his movement. His speech was charged with ideas and opinions, and he moved fluidly around a crowd, weaving, and ducking with drinks in hand, always coming back to me in the crowd eventually.

Our common appreciation of the logistics of a Critical Mass bikeride and the common philosophy of the non-role that dairy products should play in coffee cemented our partnership for the night.

But we did go wandering throughout the venue at times, myself just wasted and happy, almost in wonderment at finally having moved to Melbourne that week. I finally felt like I could, and should think about putting roots down in a city so pleasing to the eye and soul.

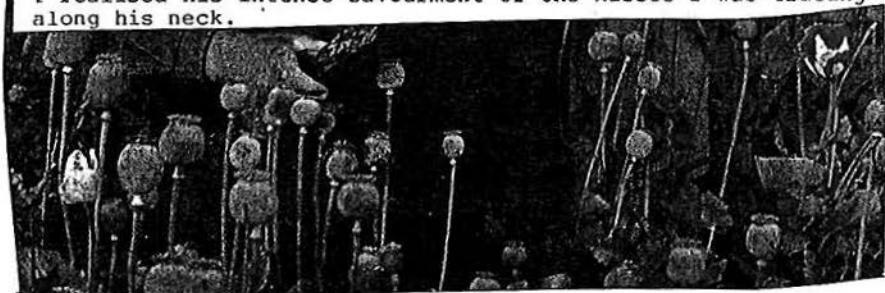
So I leant close to him, breathing in his scent and murmured back "Good morning", a gentle smile on my lips as the warmth of his naked body and the placid music nearly lulled me back to sleep.

But realising that I should seize the day, especially one with such a boy, with his jade eyes and sharp mind, I forced my eyes awake, only to meet his a second later. I reached for my Donut King mug, tastefully acquired from an overpriced sterile shopping mall cafe. I figured at the time that anyone charging \$3 for a black coffee expected people to take the mugs with them. So with that mischievous thought and a similar kind of smile, I sipped my coffee, straight black, just as he did.

Our chests almost touching, I caught that by-now familiar look and his eye and we kissed, my mind spinning back to the first time I kissed him the night before. We were motionless on a couch in a chillout space, feeling a million miles away from furious activity, but our minds agile on alcoholic cola.

I was in a surreal frame of mind, with every gaze across the room a comment, to me at least on a feeling of detachment my tired body was feeling from my brain. That's why it was such a great feeling when Josh leant across and finally kissed me, his warmth and presence engulfing my whole body, and charging my mind with seemingly a million tiny explosions.

I felt his hand upon my knee and was suddenly aware my eyes were closed. When I opened them, as our heads nestled together I realised his intense savourment of the kisses I was tracing along his neck.



I gradually became aware of our surroundings again, and with that came feelings, suddenly of sobriety and my fractured appetite. I gently pulled away and said "Its 3am", suddenly conscious of DJ Pookie out of the corner of my eye bent over his decks, all glazed amber eyes and blond dreads. I could almost imagine him physically pulling strands of the sharp sound of the clarinet from the very mixer itself and throwing them casually into the air, thick with the sound of dub and pleasantly drunken opinions.


I pulled myself out of the couch reluctantly, stood and gently swayed as Josh did. Our bodies gently collided with the relief that a tired, leaky fishing boat would lean into a wharf after a long journey.

Josh smiled, our eyes at the same level. "The question is" he asked, his eyes locked with mine "where from here? Not from there, but here, where to?"

I regarded my shoes for a second and decided that anyone who could be that beautifully incoherent and still meet me with a smile that friendly should be a part of my life, from twelve hours to infinity, or any point inbetween.

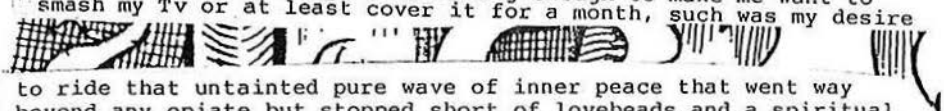
The music morphed into piano notes as we hugged in the near empty club. I visualised the notes twirling around our bodies, like gentle silver strands of DNA, collective solitude crystallised and personified.





We ended up walking home in a shield of fog, sucking on a cigar of kiff and having an inspired discussion on breaking mobile phones and the beauty of any form of transport you could lift above your head. Hence my grin when he bumped into my mountainbike as we stepped into my room, throwing our coats onto unpacked boxes of my life, books, music, clothes, art.

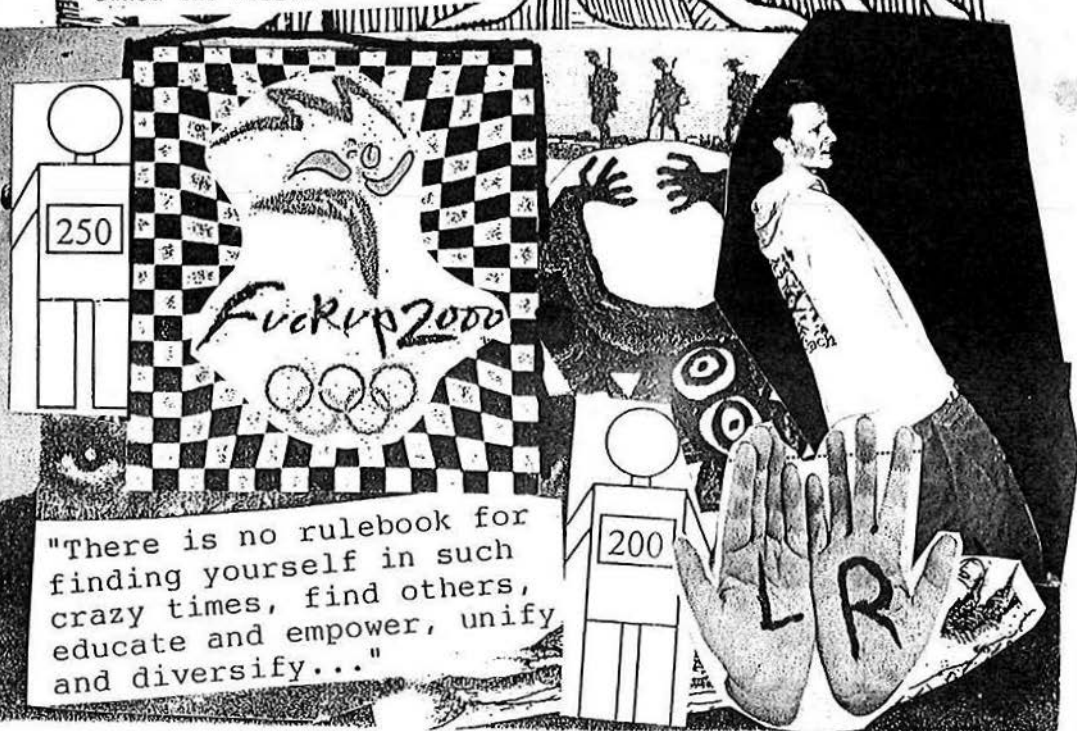
Bodies fitting together like jigsaw pieces, the reciprocation of desire that goes way beyond candlelit words, sweat, comfort, then sleep as dawn crept into my room. In retrospect, and still, I could feel the wholeness and absolute coherency at being with this soul. The feelings were strong enough to make me want to smash my Tv or at least cover it for a month, such was my desire



to ride that untainted pure wave of inner peace that went way beyond any opiate but stopped short of lovebeads and a spiritual experience.

That's perhaps the point, it was such an earthly experience, wholly so, that I felt like an urban druid in the following weeks, exhaling crisp air while watching the sun go down on the roof, talking to Heath, winebottle in hand. Or on one of those mornings, those morning afters when breakfast is a trivial event. Why? Because the previous night you've experienced revelations in the core of your being in every aspect but the tangible, food is, at the time at least, a distraction from the workings of the soul.

At times, going to see Josh, or coming home from his place, I'd ride behind trams wearing my Pixies tshirt feeling a serene yet cathartic bliss, such a seamless entity was our union. And times that he'd pull out his bike, and ride home with me for maybe a bowl of soup, or a week; those times I felt like I owned the world.



© Hey?

A sudden uncertain feeling of coherent autonomy before the soul suck of modern culture and human stupidity is washed away on a grey blanket of cigarette smoke. As if introspective turmoil and uncertainty about your own worth can be transcribed into hundreds of butts and ash, a stinking testament to your own inherent frustration with the world. A mountain of discontent, turned into a dot of land in the sea of complacency and cultural and emotional homogenisation, a sea black and bloated with the carcasses of cash cows, and victims-of-their-time.

When in such a time, complex emotional battles can still wash their null blanket of bullshit over my brainspace and taint my thoughts on a consistant basis, it astounds me, a bitter kind of awe. The grinding of teeth, staring at the moon, a broken coffee machine from overuse and days of drowning in noise and the corners of your brain, contemplating the space between charged frustration and dangerous silence. All spelt



out with the breaths you take, exhaling in the smog and vibes of stifling boredom which is compounded by the expectations of the oncoming generations. Learning to play the game of life, consume, obey, fit in...

If only one thing that we value in the very nature itself of humankind must be their diversity. Even on a mere existance level, all the modes of living and surviving are a testament to the ultimate independant evolution of human beings to a new solution which is in tune with a sustainable existance for all people and a degree of respect for all beings, no matter their path or belief...

© Hey!

BLACK ROSE ANARCHIST BOOKSHOP

583a King St, Newtown, 2042,
Sydney, Australia.

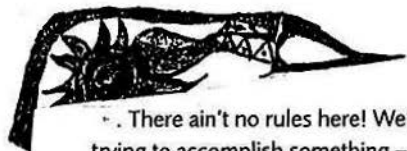
(02)9519 9194

blakrose@cat.org.au

Black Rose carries a wide range of anarchist, subversive, interesting, useful, amusing, frightening and just plain out of the ordinary books, periodicals, fanzines, T-Shirts, patches, videos, posters and stickers. We have a large section of DIY music at Sydney's cheapest prices including punk, techno, hardcore, reggae, indie and other styles. The bookshop boasts an extensive radical lending library and plenty of free information on anti-authoritarian struggles. Black Rose is also the home of the Catalyst resource center and can offer cheap internet access. We are collectively run and anti-profit. Pay us a visit and challenge yourself.

Open Monday to Saturday 11am- 6pm.
(Call first to be sure).





There ain't no rules here! We're
trying to accomplish something -
Thomas Edison.

Direct Action

In celebration of our brave coverboy, pictured trying to stop the Jabiluka Uranium mine in Kakadu by taking the most final and direct step in acting for the planet and its people, G.O.D presents a profile and exploration at some techniques used when words fail.

Tripods, as pictured, are a great way to block a road or street. You need 3 large poles/giant bamboo/logs etc to tie together, which are raised and secured by 10 or so people.

Each pole end should be dug into the ground or weighed down, and all care should be taken to make sure the top of the tripod is central.

besides being a striking monument and a solid deterrent to cars, trucks etc, as seen in pic, people can sit up top, making anyone who attempts to crash through endangering the 'sitter', who may be 5m in the air.

The beauty of this device is that all the weight of those up top is spread evenly over the 3 beams...

make yr own!



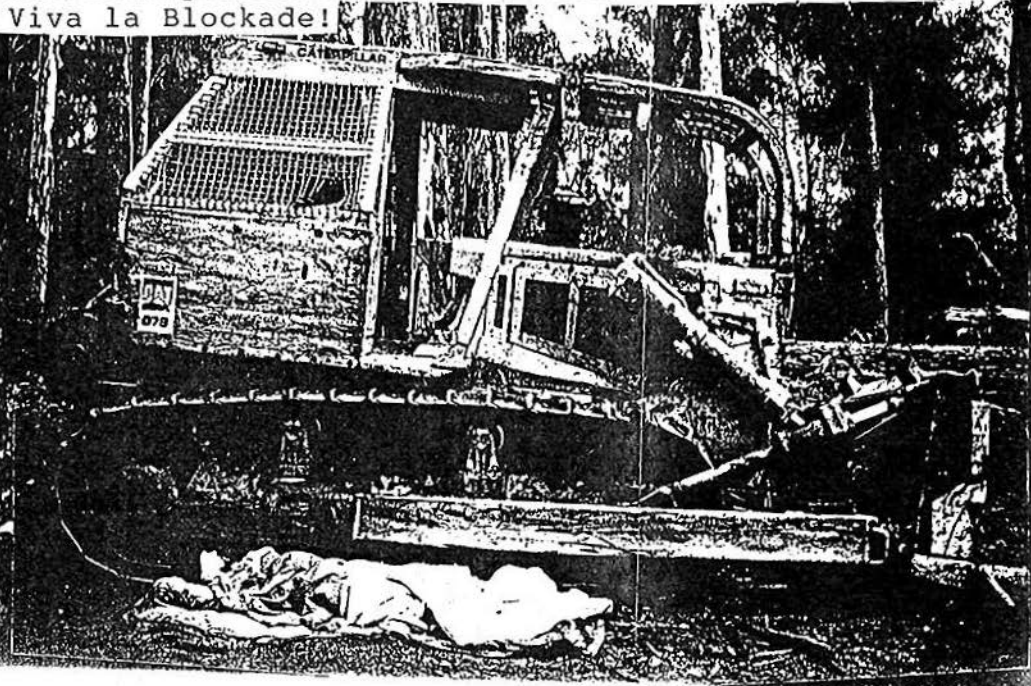
blockading tropical style

photo: Linda Marks

Other actions against the fucked up Kakadu mine, Jabiluka include locking onto the underside/side of trucks, lying down in front of trucks and a wide range of diverse actions including a 4000km bike ride from Melbourne to Jabiluka, the Oms Not Bombs infodelic bus tour, a tent city being established at Sydney's ERA office's front garden for over 2 months, and a myriad more, suggesting the volume and diversity of people involved in the campaign. These have included a 'People's Court' at the Lease gate in NT, a Carnival Of Death involving a mass grave outside the site..

A new form of elaborate action was described to me as occurring at Jabiluka. Protestors dig up a stretch of road and tip a car(gutted) into the hole, where it is partially reburied as people lock themselves onto it. Apparently the TRG have to be called out, no doubt adding to the talley of 418 people arrested at the blockade(as of 10Aug).

The Anti-Jabiluka Mine campaign has seen people from all spheres of life come together in opposition to this desecration of the Mirrar people's heritage and land, providing for some dangerous and passionate acts, including swimming in front of a ship carrying Uranium and running around the Jabiluka lease while the scummybastards from ERA blasted the land away... Viva la Blockade!



RECLAIM THE STREETS

The Reclaim The Streets parties have made a statement about sustainable lifestyles, car culture and a range of social and environmental justice issues, all by taking over a street, en mass and having a street party. Three massive tripods are employed at the Sydney parties (3 so far!) to block the streets as thousands (between one and three) have a giant party with a great message.

This effective and empowering statement is an example of a Temporary Autonomous Zone, which is an area where all rules are suspended for a period of time, and basically the people dance, create, mix, sing, act and do whatever in a free and safe environment, free from the bullshit expectations and illogical social constraints of normality and conformity.

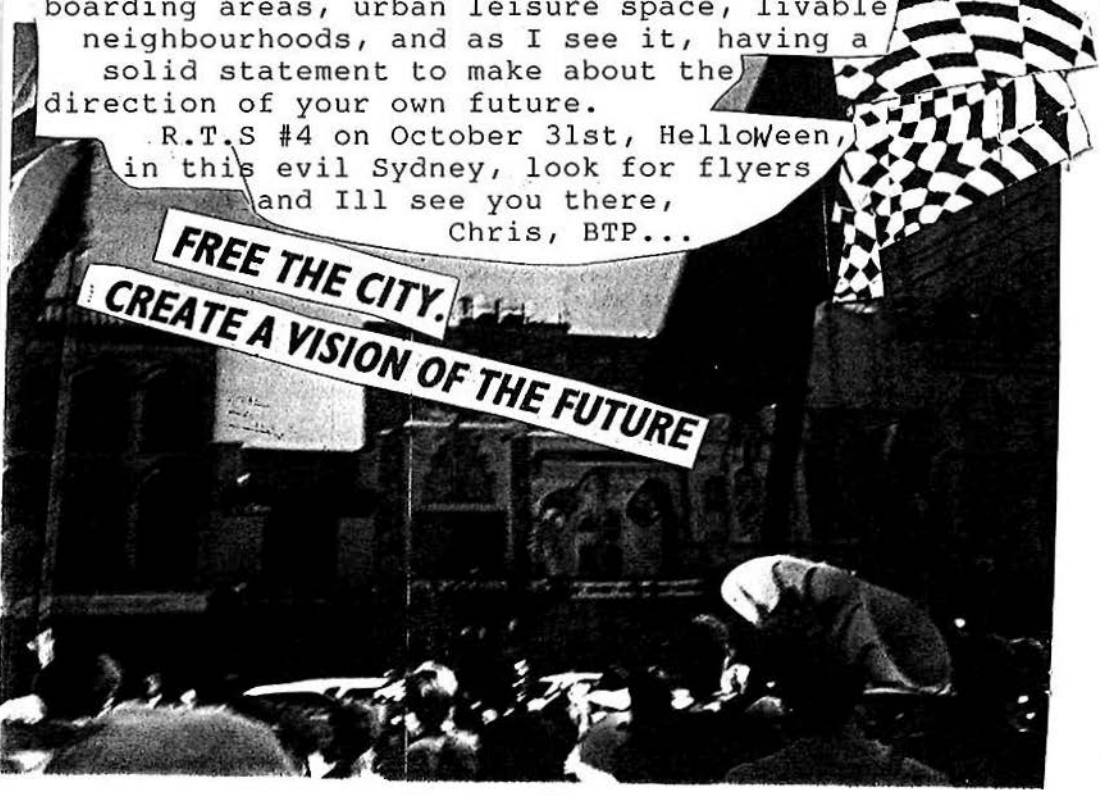
The R.T.S movement is firmly community based & a collective effort, aimed at making public space community space, as well as promoting car-free streets, better public transport, more bike lanes and skateboarding areas, urban leisure space, livable neighbourhoods, and as I see it, having a solid statement to make about the direction of your own future.

R.T.S #4 on October 31st, Halloween,
in this evil Sydney, look for flyers
and I'll see you there,

Chris, BTP...

FREE THE CITY.

CREATE A VISION OF THE FUTURE



The Art & Science of Billboard Improvement

This whole passage taken from 'The Art & Science of Billboard Improvement' published by the Billboard liberation Front & Friends. I never saw this in the shops again after buying it, so it seemed destined for reprintation land...

random information is good for you...

by
Billboard Liberation Front
& Friends

I. Choosing a Board

Once you have identified a billboard message you wish to improve, you may want to see if there are multiple locations with the same advertisement. You should determine which ones give your message optimum visibility. A board on the central freeway will obviously give you more exposure than one on an obscure side street. You must then weigh the location/visibility factor with other crucial variables such as physical accessibility, potential escape routes, volume of foot and vehicular traffic during optimum alteration hours, etc.

In choosing a board, keep in mind that the most effective alterations are often the simplest. If you can totally change the meaning of an advert by changing one or two letters, you'll save a lot of time and trouble. Some ads lend themselves to parody by the inclusion of a small image or symbol in the appropriate place (a skull, radiation symbol, happy face, swastika, vibrator, etc.). On other boards, the addition of a cartoon "thought bubble" or "speech balloon" for one of the characters might be all that is needed.

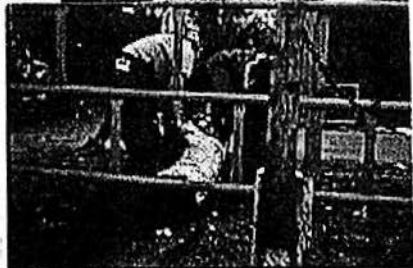
II. Preparation

A) Accessibility: How do you get up on the board? Will you need your own ladder to reach the bottom of the board's ladder? Can you climb the support structure? Is the board on a building rooftop, and if so, can it be reached from within the building, from a fire escape, or perhaps from an adjoining building? If you need ladders to work the board, they may occasionally be found on platforms on or behind the board, or on adjacent boards or rooftops.

B) Practicality: How big are the letters and/or images you would like to change? How close to the platform at the bottom of the board is your work area?

On larger boards you can rig from above and hang over the face to reach points that are too high to reach from below. We don't recommend this method unless you have some climbing and rigging experience. When hanging in one position your work area is very limited laterally. Your ability to leave the scene quickly diminishes proportionately to how convoluted your position has become. Placing huge words or images is much more difficult.

C) Security: After choosing your board, be sure to inspect it during day and night. Take note of all activities in the area. Who is about



Coochie is hauled off Fisher Gate, October 12th. The friendly public service officials are helping him by applying a pain compliance hold to the nerves under his jaw.

at 2:00 a.m.? How visible will you be while scaling the support structure? Keep in mind you will make noise; are there any apartment or office windows nearby? Is anyone home? Walk lightly if you're on a rooftop—who knows who you're walking over?

What is the visibility to passing cars on surface streets and freeways? What can you see from your work position on the board? Even though it is very difficult to see a figure on a dark board at night, it is not impossible. Any point you have line of sight vision with is a point you can be seen from.

How close is your board to the nearest police station or Highway Patrol headquarters? What is their patrol pattern in the area? Average response time to Joe Citizen's call? You can get an idea by staking out the area and observing. Is it quiet at night or is there a lot of foot traffic? When the bars let out, will this provide cover—i.e., drunks keeping the cops busy—or will it increase the likelihood of detection by passersby? Do they care? If you are definitely spotted, it may pay to have your ground people check them out rather than just hoping they don't call the cops. Do not let them connect you with a vehicle. Have your ground person(s) pretend to be chance passersby and find out what the observer thinks. We've been spotted at work a number of times and most people were amused. You'll find that most people, including officials, don't look up unless given a reason to do so.

Go up on the board prior to your hit. Get a feeling for being there and moving around on the structure at night. Bring a camera—it's a good cover for doing anything you're not supposed to: "Gee, officer, I'm a night photographer, and there's a great shot of the Bay Bridge from up here..."

Check out your escape routes. Can you cross over rooftops and leave by a fire escape across the block? etc., etc.

D) Illumination: Most boards are brightly lit by floodlights of some type. Most large boards are shut off some time between 11:00 pm and 2:00 am by a time clock control somewhere on or near the board. Smaller boards frequently are controlled by photo-electric cells or conventional timeclocks, also somewhere on the board. If you find the photo-electric cell, you can turn the lights on the board off by taping a small flashlight directly into the cell's "eye." This fools the unit into thinking it is sunrise—the time the lights are supposed to turn off.

As noted, most larger boards are controlled by timeclocks. These can be found in the control panels at the base of the support structure and/or behind the board itself. These panels are often locked (particularly those at the structure's base). Unless you are familiar with energized electrical circuitry and devices of this

type we caution you to wait until the clock shuts itself off at midnight or so. Many of these boards run 220 volts, and they could fry you to a crisp.



III. Graphic Layout: Lettering & Image Design

A) Scale: If you are changing only a small area (one letter, a small symbol, etc.) you probably do not need to go to any elaborate lengths to match or design your "overlay" (we'll use this term to describe the finished image/lettering you'll be applying to the board). Just take actual measurements of tracings directly off the board. If, however, you intend to create overlays of great size and/or number of letters and you want the finished image to look as much as possible like the advertisers themselves had made it, you should plan on more elaborate preparation.

Find a position roughly level with the board and looking at it square on (200 to 1000 or so feet away). Photograph the board from this position and make a tracing from a large print of the photo. Using measurements you have taken on the board (height, width, letter height, etc.), you can create a scale drawing of your intended alteration. From this, it is possible to determine how large your overlays will need to be and what spacing will be required between letters.

B) Color Match: There are two basic ways to match the background and/or colors of the lettering or image area.

1) On painted or paper boards you can usually carve a small (1"x1") sample directly off the board. This does not always work on older painted boards which have many thick layers of paint.

Big Brother is watching.

2) Most large paint stores carry small book paint samplers. It is possible to get a pretty close match from these samplers. We suggest sticking to solid colors and relatively simple designs for the maximum visual impact.

C) **Letter Style:** If you wish to match a letter style exactly, pick up a book of different letter types from a graphic arts store. Use this in conjunction with tracings of existing letters to create the complete range of lettering needed for your alteration. You can convincingly fake letters that aren't on the board by finding a closely matching letter style in the book and using tracings of letters from your photo of the board as a guide for drawing the new letters.

D) **Application:** We recommend not using overlays much larger than 4'x3'. If your message is larger, you should section it and butt the sections together for the finished image. It gets very windy on boards and large paste-overs are difficult to apply. Some nights there is condensation on boards, and the areas to be covered need to be wiped down. Use heavy pattern paper for overlays and gloss lacquer paint. The lacquer paint suffuses the paper, making it super-tough, water resistant, and difficult to tear. For making overlays, roller coat the background and spray paint the lettering through cardboard cut-out templates of the letters. For extremely large images or panels, use large pieces of painted canvas. The canvas should be fairly heavy to avoid being ripped to shreds by the winds that buffet most billboards. Glue and staple 1"x4" pine boards the entire horizontal lengths of the top and bottom of the canvas. The canvas will then roll up like a carpet for transportation and can be unrolled over the top of the board and lowered into place by ropes.

You can either tie the four corners and middle (top and bottom) very securely, or, if you can reach the face of the board by ladder or rope, attach the panel by screwing the 1"x4" boards to the billboard. A good battery powered drill is needed for this. We recommend hex head "Tek" sheet metal screws, #8 or #10 size. Use a hex head driver bit for your drill. These screws work well on either wood backboards or sheet metal.

To level overlay panels on the board, measure up from the bottom (or down from the top) of the board to the bottom line of where it needs to be in order to cover the existing copy. Make small marks at the outermost left and right-hand points. Using a chalk snap line with two people, snap a horizontal line between these two points. This line is your marker for placing your overlay(s).

Although there are many types of adhesive which can be used, we recommend rubber cement. Rubber cement is easily removable

(but if properly applied will stay up indefinitely) and does not damage or permanently mark the board's surface. This becomes crucial if you're apprehended and the authorities and owners attempt to assess you for money lost due to property damage.

Application of rubber cement on large overlays is tricky. You need to evenly coat both the back-side of the paste-over and the surface of the board that is to be covered. Allow one to two minutes drying time before applying the paper to the board.

To apply the cement use full sized (10") house paint rollers and a five-gallon plastic bucket. Have one person coat the back of the paste-overs while another coats the board's surface.

Both people will be needed to affix the coated paste-over to the finished board surface.



IV. The Hit

Once you've completed the preparations and are ready for the actual hit, there are many things which can be done to minimize the risk of apprehension:

A) **Personnel:** Have the smallest number of people possible on the board. Three is about optimum—two for the actual work and one lookout/communications person. You will probably require additional spotting teams on the ground (see below).

B) **Communications:** For work on larger boards where you're exposed for great lengths of time, we recommend hand-held com-

*Classifications of people: the 'Unjust' and the 'Filthy.'

This is why it says "unjust still ... filthy still ... righteous still ... holy still." Still means always.

munications devices (CB units or FM-band walkie-talkies). Low cost CB walkie-talkies are available from Radio Shack.

Have one or two cars positioned at crucial intersections within sight of the board. The ground unit(s) should monitor oncoming traffic and maintain radio contact with the lookout on the board. (Note: Do not use the popular CB or FM channels; there are many others to choose from. A verbal code is a good idea since others do have access to the channels you will be using.)

It is crucial that your ground crew do not lounge around outside their vehicle(s) or in any other way make it obvious that they are hanging around a likely desolate area late at night for no apparent reason. A passing patrol car will notice them much sooner than they would notice you on the board. Keep a low profile.

C) Escape: If you've done your homework, you'll know the terrain surrounding the board quite well. In the event of detection, prepare a number of alternate routes out of the area, and a rendezvous point with the ground support crew. If a patrol is approaching and you are in a difficult spot for quickly ditching and hiding (hanging on a rope in the middle of the board, for instance), it may be better simply to stay still until they pass. Movement is more likely to catch the eye. Once on the ground, if pursuit is imminent, hiding may be the safest bet. If you've covered the terrain carefully, you'll be aware of any good hiding spots. Keep in mind that if the police do a thorough search (doubtful, but not impossible), they will use high-powered spot lights from cars and flashlights if on foot.

Stashed clothing in your hiding spot may prove useful. A business suit, perhaps, or rumpled and vomit-encrusted leisure wear. Be creative.

V. Daytime Hits

We don't recommend this method for most high boards on or near freeways and major roads. It works well for doing smaller boards lower to the ground where the alteration is relatively quick and simple. If you do choose to work in the light, wear coveralls (company name on the back?), painters' hats, and work quickly. Keep an eye out for parked or passing vehicles bearing the billboard company's or advertiser's name. Each board has the company emblem at its bottom center. If you're on a Sleaze Co. board and a Sleaze Co. truck pulls up, you're probably in trouble. It is unlikely that the workers will try to physically detain you (try bribery if necessary), but they will probably call the cops.

Postscript

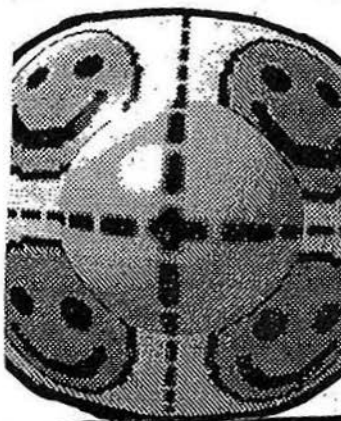
If anyone reading this primer finds it of any use in their own advertising endeavors, we at the BLF will consider it successful.

We believe roadside advertising enhancement is a pastime more individuals should engage in. It's not that difficult to do smaller, low-to-the-ground boards. A quick hit-and-run on such a board will not require all of the elaborate preparations and precautions we have detailed.

The more "real" messages we have on the freeways and streets, the better.

—R.O. Thornhill, BLF Education Officer

Billboard Liberation Front



REMEMBER
Do not answer questions or make a sign any
statement until you have seen a lawyer.

Billboard Improvement

Zines

What, you mean an explanation? Subcultures,

FRAMED Magazine #35-A social justice and prisoners rights publication, this issue features stuff on new Anti-youth laws (just in time for the Olympics!), Capsicum spray, violence in jails, strip searches, prison food and a heap of interesting bits of social justice news from all over. This is the mag of JUSTICE ACTION who have been active in a campaign against the new police powers bill anti-youth laws etc.. Well worth checking out, @ PO BOX K365 Haymarket NSW 2000, send some \$, subs are \$8/15.

GREENER PASTURES #3-A cute indie rock kindazine, well written thoughts, stories, reflections as well as a Screamerfeed int, Moler and chunks of introspection from the quiet moments when the Pavement cd has ended. A positive statement from definite Greener Pastures. \$2? to Kelly @ 36 Perkins St Upper Mt Gravatt 4122 Qld. Brisbane.

HOLY TITCLAMPS #16- A US Queerzine, this printed San Fran zine gave me much to think about with stories of the 1st Queer crush a boy ever had, an expansive article on interesting gay lives, from a historical perspective, as well as an interview with Tomata du Plenty who has been active in arts for 30 years and has a great story to tell. \$3ppd worldwide for a consise and well considered Queerzine, Larry-bob - Box 590488 SF, CA 94159-0488 USA. Larry-bob also publishes **QUEER ZINE EXPLOSION** which is a vital resource list for 2 IRCs, all the Qzines you can imagine... H.T is actually \$4ppd worldwide..

STEAL THIS ZINE #1 From Shane of Nervous Dandruff zine, this is great for a few reasons, freaky collages that photocopy well, very well written stories (including one called 'Zines dont exist', Queer rants, and a savagely surreal horrortale called 'Bogans fuck sheep', this rules, Horrorqueercore with a hatchet in your back, say a happy HI! to Shane @ POB 7115 Karingal Centre 3199 Vic, for \$1 + stamp.

DAMN SKATERS #3.5- The short Emo issue. As usual this zine provides a glimpse into Alex's brain, stuff on his tape collection punk, friends, skating, a nice snatch of skaterpunkcore reality. Alex also organises **PINK BELLY ZINE DISTRO**, so drop him a line, and send a dollar or 2 for a Damn Skater, PO BOX 83 garran ACT 2605 Australia.

SHAFTS BIG SCORE #2-\$1- a hugeA4 zine with Self Reliance, Vegan recipes, Snapshot profile, cop stories, SxE problems, and as Phil puts it, 'cutting, pasting, wailing, gnashing of teeth' etc, comics, columns, and an eyeopening story on Nutrasweet, which also happens to be a Neurotoxin. Apparently the best way to think of Nutrasweet is a minute dose of nerve gas that eradicates brain and nerve functions. Clever and considered political writings and concise reviews make this a firm favorite and a WINNER! email Phil @ sbszine@hotmail.com, or look in shops. Worth finding!

MISPLACED NOSTALGIA: Not so happy daze
 "Everyone seems so intent on returning to the good-ole-days of [the] mid-1950s so let's look back." A letter to *The Australian* from Sydney reader Sara Hourez offers '50s history in a nut-shell. "Minimal work safety rules, smoking and sunbaking [were] good for your health... Aboriginal people were considered fauna. Men could rape their wives without fear of prosecution. Safe abortions were illegal... Banks closed at 2.30. Women received half pay for the same work. Homosexuals lived in closets."



Sometimes the male praying
mantis continues to copulate
even after the female has bitten off
his head and part of his upper
torso.





Autonomous PERCEPTION


Zoat had the sudden vivid image of a condescending face, blank and without empathy leaning over him.

He raised his head slightly and focussed on the cafe's olive green wall from his sunken spot on the couch. Coherency. He gripped his coffee mug and downed the sharp tasting yet lukewarm remains.

The taste bought Zoat back to the couch, suddenly feeling most of the way all-there. His slim body, defined in a yellow t shirt with a few black paint handprints on it shifted and he sat up feeling the air laden with opinions and the heaviness of cigarette smoke, wash the planes of his face.

The air seemed charged, like the roar of an angry crowd could erupt through the room, the neighbourhood at any second. Zoat saw Arc out of the corner of his eye coming towards the couch. Focussing on Arc, his eyes ran up Arc's definite jawbone to his crystal blue eyes. Reality was ataken back in Zoats mind as he noticed the smudges of dirty dark green around Arc's eyes, by now looking puzzled as he noticed Zoat's expression of tired and mystified horror. Looking like tiny fingers had rubbed warpaint around the windows to Arc's soul

P



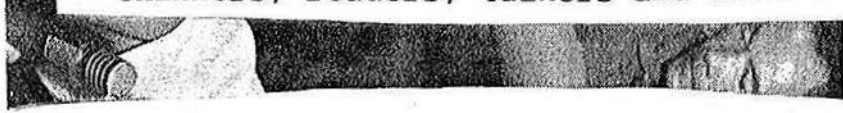
Zoat closed and reopened his eyes, settling his gaze silently on a painting on the opposite wall. The colours jumped out at him, the blue tinges in the grey waves forming themselves into tiny waving hands.

Trying to gather himself and to figure out exactly what was going on, Zoat gathered himself and met Arc's gaze, framed in a smearing, still, of definite green colouring, like a kind of psychological warpaint.

He suddenly found his hands on either side of Arc's temple, bookending his complex and ever evolving brain. The balls of his thumbs grazed over the edges of those indelible markings as he finally spoke, both of them encased in their own collective sphere of reality. "Your eyes..They jumped out at me, you've green smudges, deep sea green warpaint..." Zoats rough voice trailed off sure he was the only one having this warped take on reality, ever.

Taking a deep breath Zoat turned his head to see Jingo the waiter set down a strong coffee for Arc, smiling his wasted grin at Zoat as his amber eyes seemingly glowed in the midst of red and purple smears encircling his sockets. Having taken a deep breath again by now, Zoat was able to give his regular smile to Jingo, suddenly aware of Arc's body warmth, their arms entwined. He wasn't suprised to see the familiar look of amusement coupled with amazement in Arc's eyes, which suddenly was locked into, onto, around Zoats own sockets, which as he could sense, were being recognised by Arc as tainted and painted as well.

There seemed to be a pocket sweep through the room, scattered with Friday night latenight thinkers, readers, talkers and drinkers, all



E

charged on their own philosophical niche, but as he felt this sweeping of a pocket of charged reality, alternate reality, through the room, Arc spoke, his voice rasping gently from the crook of Zoat's neck where it rested.

Zoat felt the stress, but also a greater degree of awareness and acceptance in his tone. "You have the most vivid electric blue with smudges of bright yellow around your eyes" Arc whispered, pulling on a baby dreadlock choosing his words carefully.

So it was shared. Despite the fact that 5 billion other people, as far as he knew didn't see this morphed physical manifestation of a solid emotional state, the fact that the one human that counted did see this reality, made a total degree of sense in Zoats tired mind as Arc fed him sips of strong black coffee. Their heads nestled together, a conversation of half words and shared thoughts took place as from the couch, centre of their universe. Time stood still, riding whisps of dead smoke from fellow patrons as these two boys, bodies moulded together on ripped vinyl, fitted their brainspaces together to evolve their perception to a new solution of understanding. Whether this was a glimpse into an alternate reality or a chunk of psychosocial hardcore mental reaction, they were together in their perception, and would face it together, ripped jeans and collective mindsets intact as they would wander into the night under the silver full moon.

QUEER?



In the Oxford Dictionary queer is said to meant: strange, odd, eccentric, slightly ill or faint, homosexual, spoilt- a persons pitch, spoil his chances...

Yuk, in the sense of 1990's Gen Xers (yes I too moan when I hear that term, oh well) use the word in an empowering sense to describe in inclusive and sweeping terms anyone who does not quite fit into the 'straight' category.

In times gone past it used to be an insult, but the word has been taken back by queers, freaks and all in between in an attempt to break free of rigid definitions of sexuality. Queer is freedom to be who you are, who you want to be, the ability not to be pinned down.

In an age where to come out as gay means to have cultural stereotypes placed on you, and misconceptions about your value system attached to your sexuality, a word as fluid as queer is the middle ground to them, a place for them to be who they are, on their own terms.

A list of publications from the queer underground and a list of resources is on the back page of this newsletter. Remember the word is what you make it, go strong, XXX Filbert BTP.

CELEBRATE YOUR SEXUALITY

• HETEROSEXUAL • GAY • QUEER • HOMOSEXUAL
• POOFER • BISEXUAL • CELIBATE • LESBIAN • TRANSEXUAL
• DYKE • STRAIGHT • CROSS-DRESSER • LIPSTICK LESBIAN



evidence from the witness box

RAINFORESTS - McDonald's are still obtaining beef for their stores in Brazil from ranches situated on recently cleared Amazonian rainforest land.

LITTER - a McDonald's witness admitted that McDonald's were in the top "1 or 2% of companies" whose products end up as litter.

ADVERTISING - The corporation's official and confidential 'Operations Manual' was read out: "Ronald loves McDonald's and McDonald's food. And so do children, because they love Ronald. Remember, children exert a phenomenal influence when it comes to restaurant selection. This means you should do everything you can to appeal to children's love for Ronald and McDonald's."

ANIMALS - David Walker of McKey Foods (sole hamburger supplier to McDonald's UK) admitted that



"as a result of the meat industry, the suffering of animals is inevitable".

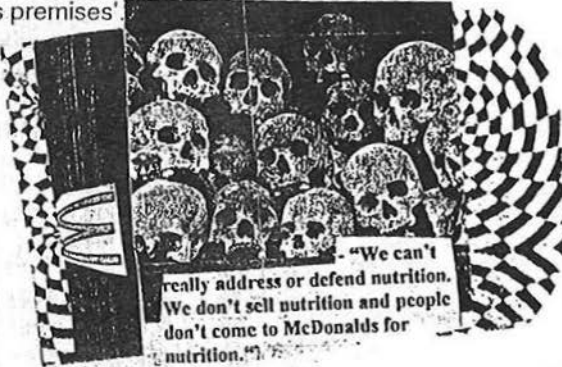
FOOD SAFETY - McDonald's have admitted that they were responsible for an outbreak of E.Coli food poisoning in the USA in 1982, and in the UK in 1991, in which people suffered serious kidney failure.

EMPLOYMENT - Two dozen ex-McDonald's workers testified for the Defence about the poor pay and conditions; and trade unionists from around the world gave evidence about their experience of organising in the face of McDonald's hostility to trade unions. McDonald's admitted having paid some UK staff under the statutory minimum and that employees 'would not be allowed to carry out any overt union activity on McDonald's premises'.

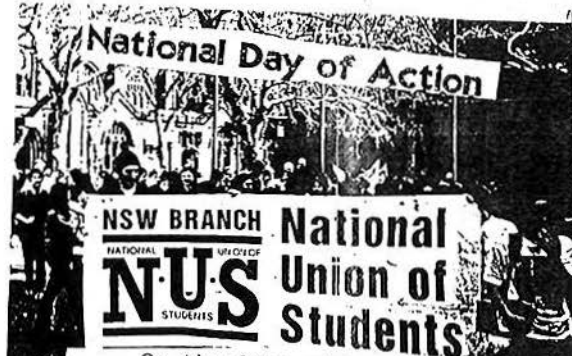


May your left ear wither and fall into your right pocket

**FUCK
GEN***SHIP**



"We can't really address or defend nutrition. We don't sell nutrition and people don't come to McDonalds for nutrition."



On the 26th of August the National Union of Students organised a national day of action in response to savage funding cuts under the Coalition Government. Universities have lost \$840 million in operating grants, TAFEs have had a loss of \$240 million in public funding and Government schools have lost \$270 million all of which have reduced services and resources available to students. The introduction of Up-front fees and the changes to the HECS system have cost students dearly as have the losses of 2000 staff positions. The backward, yet aggressively stupid Coalition has also slashed \$500 million from Austudy and introduced the Common Youth Allowance, remember that name because you may have to deal with it, and it may just push you into poverty or make you move back home until you're 25...

In the face of these regressive policies and the upcoming threat of Voluntary Student Unionism... which would greatly reduce the voice of students (who have been critical of the Howard Government's 1950s mentality and conservative attitudes) we met at Town Hall on the 26th. We were numbering about 200 or people as we marched down George St, sitting down in 2 intersections along the way in the lunchtime rush.

We made our way to the Prime Minister's Sydney office, and had been observing the lines of police from the road as the footpath was blocked off. After a minute or two, who did I see but Tim Fisher, leader of the National Party walk out the door. The other 200 or so angry students also saw Timmy and it was a spontaneous rush to chase Fisher. With his inbred stance on Land Rights in mind I gave chase and was later glad to see it on the news, with the chant of 'rascist scum' clearly audible.

Fisher ran into a hotel lobby, by now the police presence was considerable as 15 or so students made it into the foyer. Police were seen by me aiming for pressure points (photo) on a number of protestors. At one stage I was standing near a side entrance watching about 8 students climb over a police motor cycle when a tactical response cop grabbed one kid and threw him on the sandstone ground and stood there with a boot on his chest until I pulled him off. There were comments from police inside the foyer regarding the women as 'stupid sluts' as well as others being kicked. Cops of all descriptions were scattered through the crowd as well as police on horses (4) riding into a number of people. We may have wanted to lynch Timmy, but it was a peaceful protest.



Ouch!

Students conducted a sit-down outside the foyer until the police let the students in the foyer go. Tim Fisher got away. I saw him through a window scurrying off to go serve some mining interest, and we marched to the stockmarket as we had planned before we saw Mr Fisher. We stood on the steps and burnt fake money to show perhaps how futile operating the infrastructure of a community on the power of \$\$ really is.

Chris ponders a line of cops



By this time there were police everywhere. I've never seen that many cops, perhaps as much as 50, and every variety of police transport you can imagine. We left the stockmarket peacefully and marched towards the University of technology on Broadway, where a free University had been running all week.

We were still near Wynyard with 3 (!) police cars leading us, a 4-wheel drive in the middle of the march and horses and cops on foot all around us, we were at some point told that we were taking part in an illegal protest because we had been asked to disperse after the Prime Minister's office, but we'd taken a vote and decided to finish instead. At some point the police had wanted us to march on the footpath but there was still at least 100-120 of us and it wasn't possible.

Burning \$

So frustrated at the cops everywhere, at the top of the hill someone decided to sit down in an intersection, and 100 people followed. Unlike the previous two the Marshall, didn't coordinate it, so when the Policemen from the Tactical Response Group told the Marshall to get us to keep moving or they'd start arresting people he replied that 'He didn't tell them to sit down, they just did it. I can't tell 'em anything'. There was logic behind those words.

But eventually we turned down Liverpool St when the 8 police horses rode off around the corner into Pitt St. Everyone was cooling down slightly when they rode back around the corner and faced us off. There was a moment of tension in the air and then they simply rode the horses into unarmed students, holding banners, up trying not to get kicked/stepped on/hurt.

Macho cops with helmets



Intersection



Panic reigned for a few minutes as the TRG cleared the street and followed us around the corner as we tried to figure out if people had been hurt and what to do.

The decision was made and taken up to finish where we were going, in a group, even on the footpath, but as we walked to Pitt St where a bunch of students were regrouping, the remaining police on Liverpool St randomly pushed students against walls and grabbed them, saying stuff about an 'illegal protest' which sounded like an oxymoron to me.

We marched down the footpath just wanting to get to UTS with police walking alongside us, a scuffle breaking out, quickly turning into a fight to stop one guy from being dragged away by 4 police, all as cops pushed multiple students up gutters and into other.



Does this look fair to you?

footpath to UTS. Standing in a line they pushed against by-now sore students, and it was at that point that we decided that we had had all the tension and confrontation we could handle, leaving for coffee and reflection at the socio-political climate and all the unrequired confrontation. Eight police horses? This scene could easily be repeated in the future, with the Olympics and fears of 'youth crime' both being translated into swift and strong police responses to expressions of discontent especially from young people feeling marginalised by a reactionary and suffocating conservative political climate.



Panic & frustration.
Democracy anyone?

QUEERCORE MEDIA

PUBLICATIONS

HUNDERPUSSY Fanzine- This is an inspiring Grrl power zine, with a great feel to it, very together and informed. Your best bet is to send \$5 or so to Lea @ Box 1071 Brighton Rd LPO Elwood Vic 3184
WONDERGIRL Fanzine- a scrappy and loveable personal Fanzine from a queer girl, full of reflections and ideas: 'Apathy is a dominant gene. Mutate'. #3 out now, send some stamps to Tabitha @ 87 Albion St Brunswick Vic 3056

THE BURNING TIMES Fanzine- One of Australia's most prolific and inclusive zines, a great source of info about Queercore band/music as well as issues and politics, issues are \$3ppd from Richard at PO BOX 425 Clifton Hill 3068 Vic

COUGHING UP LEGOMEN Fanzine- A Sydneyside Queercore document with art music, rants, writing from a buncha people and stories on the Olympics, Reclaim The Streets and a whole universe out there-\$3ppd to PO Box 530 West Ryde 2114 NSW

QUEERZINE- Subverting the mainstream, this slick looking zine explores corners of the very concept of Queerness and then applies it to real life, try sending \$3 to Mikol @ PO BOX 199 NEWtown 2042 NSW

the **BURNING**
TIMES

ISSUE
666



IN THIS ISSUE: C.D. Jones * Anonymous Boy *
Ian Roberts * Propagandi * Kill Krush
Destroy * Kathleen Hanna * Male Rock

the **BURNING**
TIMES

ISSUE
666

#2

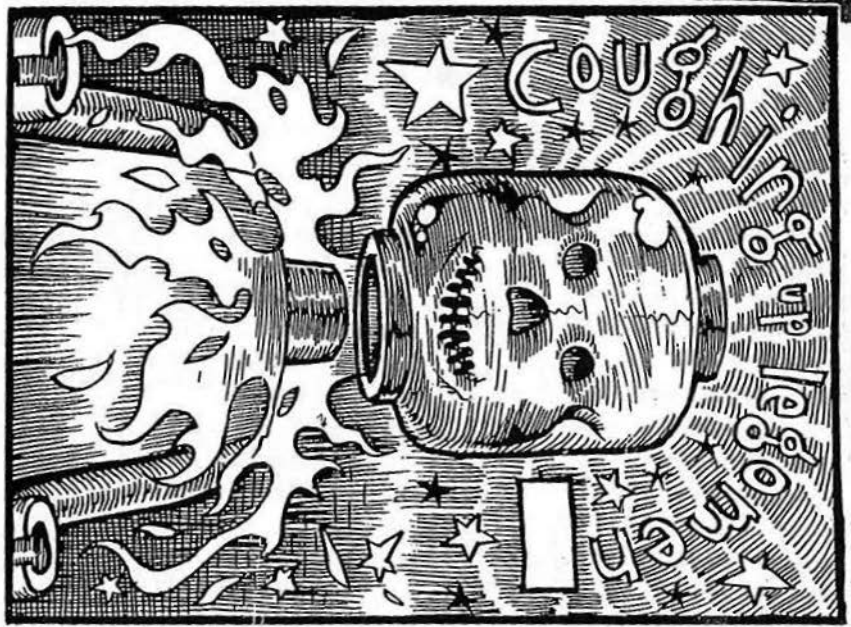
Queer
Zine
\$2.50
homocore
we subvert
the mainline
queercore
I'm
just eddie
suck my cude
out pink



Wonder
Girl
#1



PM JOHN HOWARD appears here about to eat some school children.



Behold The Prophet Collective-No names, just crazy shit